

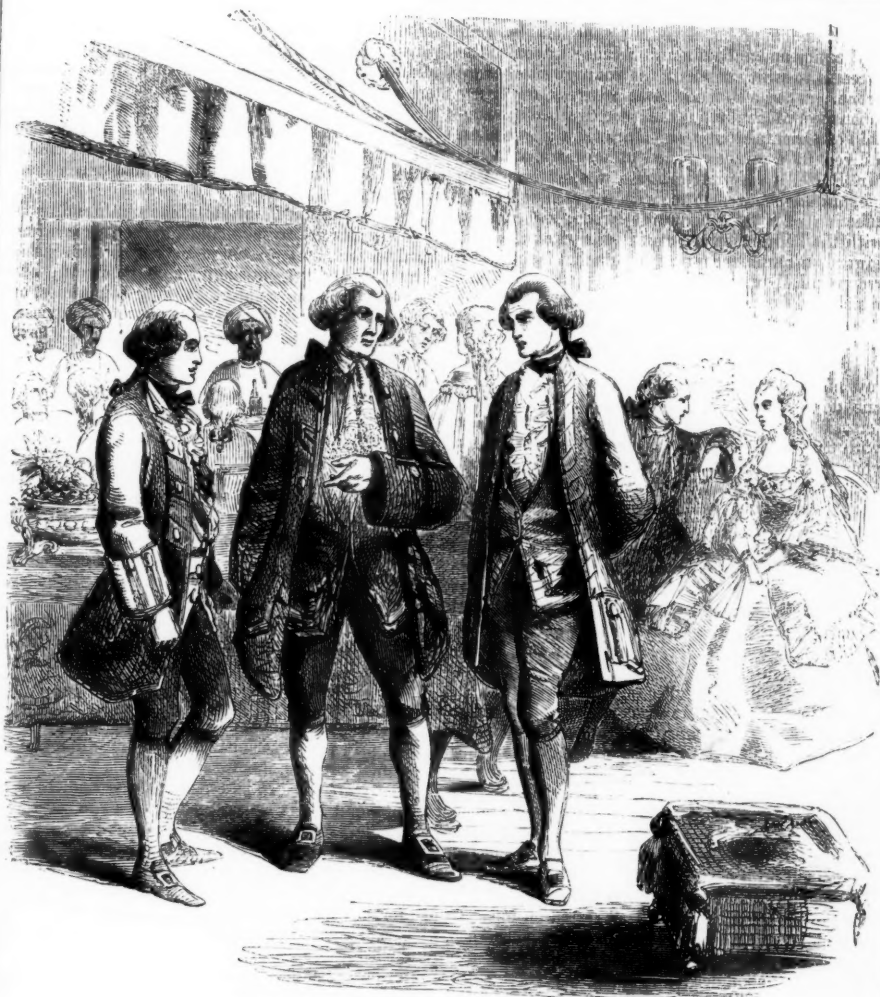
THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

No. 324.]

THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1858.

[PRICE 1d.]



HECTOR'S INTRODUCTION TO YOUNG WARREN HASTINGS.

THE INDIAN NABOB: OR, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XIX.—WARREN HASTINGS.

Two years had elapsed since my landing at Calcutta, and I no longer cast longing and regretful
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remembrances homewards. It was at rare intervals indeed that I heard from England; and the news I received gave me little desire to return, to be an additional care and burden to my father, around whom vexations and embarrassments had

again gathered, threatening to becloud and embitter his last days, as they had cast a gloom over his earlier existence, while both his mind and body were enfeebled, and unable to bear up against renewed strokes of adversity. But in the meanwhile, if home prospects were dark and threatening, mine were fair and promising. My generous uncle, Mr. Middleton, did not forget me, nor his engagement to supply me with necessary funds for my expenses, and wrote kind letters to me full of good advice. I had become inured to the climate, and was healthy, perhaps because—thanks to Mr. Dalzell's counsel and example, and partly also to early habits—I was temperate. I had gained the respect and approbation of my superiors by long application and aptitude, and because I avoided the excesses to which some of the young writers were prone. I had also made some progress, under my moonshee, Maazulla, in the once dreaded scholarship of Oriental tongues. More than all besides, I lived in a rainbow-tinted atmosphere of hope: Mr. Dalzell's hospitable house was ever open to me, and he behaved to me with the confidence and affection of a father towards a son, rather than with the hauteur or the condescension of a patron towards a humble aspirant to personal favour. To crown all, I was Zillah's betrothed; and time, which had flown away on rapid, silken wings, only strengthened affection: but I will not speak of this.

It was about a year then, after these passages in my history which my last sheets recorded, that one day, passing through the open yard of the fort, I saw Mr. Dalzell in earnest conversation with two or three of the principal factors, and a young man in the ordinary dress of a civil servant, as clerk of the factory. He was a stranger to me; and I observed only that he was pale and thin—though probably not from ill-health—and that he was not otherwise distinguishable except by a quick bright eye, an exceedingly intellectual countenance, and a gentlemanly bearing. But what more particularly attracted my attention and curiosity to the group was a young officer, whom at the first glance I recognised as my fellow-voyager, Lieutenant Mason, standing rather apart, yet evidently in attendance on the party.

My first emotion was one of surprise at the sudden and unexpected appearance of Mason, until I remembered that despatches had that day arrived from the Company's small fort at Cossimbazar, the contents of which had not publicly transpired, but were presumed to be of importance, as they had been brought to Fort William by a confidential messenger, accompanied and guarded by a small military escort.

I should have passed the group unheeded had not the keen eye of Mr. Dalzell rested on me. In a moment he detached himself from his colleagues, stepped out of the circle, and laid his friendly hand on my shoulder.

"We were talking about you just now, Hector," he said; "and I shall particularly want to see you this evening. You will of course give us your society. By the way," he added, "there may be other company, and you may as well come in company trim: you understand."

I answered in the affirmative, and was again moving on, when Mason, who had by this time

recognised me, came up and shook hands with me cordially—energetically and warmly, at least.

"I cannot stop to talk to you now," he said hurriedly. "for I have got to go to the governor's with the big guns yonder," nodding to the little knot of merchants; "but we shall meet again soon."

Even as he spoke, Mr. Dalzell and his colleagues moved towards the official quarters of Mr. Drake, the governor of the fort. Mason followed them, and I proceeded on the business which had taken me from my desk.

You may take for granted, Archie, that Mr. Dalzell's hint was not lost upon me, and that my toilet that evening cost me more than ordinary pains. Thanks, however, to the liberality of Mr. Middleton, I was able to make a good enough appearance; and in spite of the loss of time occupied in adjusting and re-adjusting, with youthful foppery, a laced haberdash or cravat of a fashion not long before introduced, I arrived at Mr. Dalzell's before any other guests had made their appearance.

"Very winning," said my kind old friend, with a good-natured sarcastic smile, surveying me from head to foot, as I presented myself to him in his library, "and very uncomfortable, no doubt; but we must sacrifice comfort to folly sometimes, or we should not be fit to live with fools, I suppose. However, I am glad you are come early, for I have something to say to you alone;" and he led the way into his own private room.

"I told you to-day," said Mr. Dalzell, when we were seated, "that you had been the subject of conversation. You are to leave Calcutta—you and I together. I don't know whether you will thank me when I tell you that the journey before us will be fatiguing, and not devoid of danger."

What could I say, Archie, but that with Mr. Dalzell I was willing to share both danger and fatigue?

Mr. Dalzell. Well, I imagined you would say so; and as the appointment implies both honour and advancement, I supposed you would not object; so when they proposed to me to undertake this mission, I stipulated for your appointment also, as a sort of *sine quâ non*. From this time, therefore, you are my secretary.

Hector (gaily). I kiss hands on the appointment. It is not permitted me to know our destination, I suppose, nor its object?

Mr. Dalzell. It is a natural question, at all events, and I can so far answer it as to say that the object is partly commercial and partly political, and that our destination is Delhi. I see you start, and have visions before you of Decoits, Thugs, Rohillas, Sikhs, Afghans, Mahrattas, and so forth.

Assuredly I did start, Archie: for, limited as my knowledge necessarily was of the condition of the interior of India, I was not ignorant that since the invasion of Delhi, of which I have already given you a brief account, the great Mogul empire had rapidly fallen from its former high estate, and had become the prey of successive invaders, as well as of internal dissensions, which augured ill for the security of peaceful travellers. These thoughts, I confess, passed through my mind at the first mention of Delhi. Meanwhile, Mr. Dalzell went on:—

"You do yourself injustice, Hector; you have courage enough. Besides, there may, after all, be no especial need for its exercise. Just now, as it seems, there is a slight cessation in the war of discordant elements. The savage beasts have been tearing and worrying each other over the helpless prey, till all alike are bleeding, and for the time exhausted. Add to this, our powerful old friend Aliverdi engages to find us a sufficient escort, which, with the terror of his name, or the respect it excites, will bear us unharmed through the disturbed provinces. For those who don't love the old khan, fear him; and those who don't fear him like him too well to injure any under his protection. But danger or no danger," continued the diplomatist-elect, more abruptly and impatiently, as though he had detected himself in needless prolixity of explanation, "the journey is necessary for the interests of the Company. You can decline the appointment if you please, Hector, if you think you will be safer or more pleasantly employed in Calcutta."

You may take for granted, Archie, that I hastened to give my kind old friend the assurance that I had no desire to withdraw from the post of honour assigned me.

"I did not really suppose that you had, Hector," he rejoined, affectionately; "but I was not quite sure. And now, as that is settled, you may as well look over these papers, which will give you all the information you will need respecting the journey; another time will do for our objects and plans. You can join us when you have done." Saying this, Mr. Dalzell put into my hands a whole portfolio of despatches and correspondence, and left me to commence my labour just as his guests were assembling in the drawing-room above.

I thought at the time, Archie, that this was maliciously done, to punish me for the foppishness of my dress; but, at all events, there was no help for it; and, with no great goodwill to the task, I began to read over the papers intrusted to my care and discretion.

If I had flattered myself into the belief that I was to be the depository of some mighty diplomatic secret, I was soon undeceived. The despatches and other documents, voluminous as they were, related principally to minor details, necessary enough to be known and studied by "the secretary of an embassy;" but they gave no insight into graver, deeper matters: and I shall only add, that after consuming two or three hours in the occupation, I at length found my way to the drawing-room.

There was a numerous assemblage of guests; and among them I perceived the young pallid stranger whom I had that morning seen in conference with Mr. Dalzell. But before I had time to seek an introduction, my former acquaintance, Lieutenant Mason, came up to me, and monopolized my attention. He had heard all about it, he said, and congratulated me on the conquest I had made. What a fine, keen old gentleman was Mr. Dalzell! and had feathered his nest well, of course. As to Zillah, she was superb, magnificent, and I know not what beside. And he summed up with a request that I would present him to her.

I was simple enough, Archie, to be pleased with the flattery which Mason poured into my willing

ear; and it was with a feeling of pride that I spoke of the handsome young officer to Zillah as my particular friend. It was without jealousy, I am sure, that I witnessed the ease with which he glided into an animated conversation with her, soon throwing me into the background; and I admired rather than envied the superior address and versatility that enabled him to assume towards Zillah, after a little time, the tone and bearing of an old friend or affectionate relative, rather than that of a stranger. I saw that Zillah was pleased with this new acquaintance; and I, because she was pleased, was pleased also.

From being an almost silent witness of her gratification, I was called away by Mr. Dalzell, who for some time had been conversing apart with an influential member of the council at Fort William, and the young stranger from Cossimbazar.

It was one of the peculiarities of my old friend, that whatsoever his hands found to do, he did it with all his might; and now, though only a few hours had elapsed since the mission to Delhi had been intrusted to him, that had already become the one subject of his thoughts: and while his mere pleasure-seeking guests were amusing themselves as they pleased in the suite of rooms thrown open to them—not often, indeed, devoted to such a purpose, or trodden by the feet of strangers—the host was applying himself to the more serious business which occupied his mind.

"I need not introduce you to Mr. Holwell," he said, when he had detached me from Zillah and her attendant train, "for you are already known to him; and he concurs with me in my views of your fitness for this appointment; but I wish to make you known to young Hastings; there seems to be the sort of material in him of which great men are made."

"Hastings? is that the name of—"

"Of the young fellow who came from Cossimbazar with despatches: yes. I knew him slightly—that is to say as a quiet, steady, unassuming sort of lad, when he was in the Factory here, some two or three years ago; but he has shot up amazingly since then. A clear head, Hector, and a sound judgment, and a thorough understanding of eastern policy—which means chicanery, you know."

This was the first time I heard the name of one who, not many years afterwards, rose by the energy of his character and the force of his uncommon talents to be the preserver, and afterwards the chief ruler, of that extended and still widely and rapidly extending government. Since then, Archie, as you know, this same man has been at one time the idol, and at another the mark for calumny and envy, of his countrymen at home; offering a striking exemplification of the transitoriness of earthly honour, and the instability of mortal favour. I little could have dreamt then, however—when the young writer rather coldly, as I thought, yielded me the ordinary courtesies of a first salutation—through how many perilous and intricate passages in future life I should watch his progress, and witness the skill with which he evaded threatening danger, or the courage with which he met that which could not be evaded!

But it was impossible to remain long in his society without being struck with the extraordinary

amount of information he had in a comparatively short time acquired; nor less with the combined frankness and modesty with which he gave his opinion on various matters which were that evening discussed in the small and select circle gathered round our host. I need not refer here to those grave subjects of conversation; but I may just say, that I had never felt my inferiority more powerfully and less painfully than I did then, in the shade cast by the superior talents of WARREN HASTINGS.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM CALCUTTA TO MOORSHEDEBAD.

At the breaking up of Mr. Dalzell's party, I was again accosted by Lieutenant Mason, who accompanied me in the short walk to the Factory. His entire conversation was about Zillah—her beauty and accomplishments, accompanied by congratulations on the "luck," as he termed it, which had attended me in India.

I saw him again on the following day, when he informed me that his term of duty at Cossimbazar had expired, and that, for some time at least, he was to remain in Calcutta. Meanwhile, I understood that young Hastings was about to return with other despatches to Cossimbazar, whither, as soon as our preparations were completed, Mr. Dalzell and his suite were to follow, as the first stage or resting-place in the projected journey.

I shall briefly pass over the time consumed in making these preparations, which however rendered it desirable for me to be pretty constantly at Mr. Dalzell's residence. How many precious moments of transitory happiness I then enjoyed, it avails not now to speak of, Archie; nor how, as the time for our departure drew every hour nearer, Zillah's eyes sparkled with tears, as she spoke of our long absence, and conjured up in her imagination the dangers we might have to encounter. Meanwhile, it was satisfactory to believe that Zillah, at any rate, would be in safety under the protection of the governor of the Fort, and faithfully guarded by a numerous household of native servants, whom her grandfather had attached to himself by kindness and liberality. Thus far, all was well.

Yet, as I have reason to remember, my spirits were depressed when I thought of the long separation; and Mason rallied me in vain on my unwonted solemnity. Him I frequently met; for, on some pretext or other, he was a daily visitor at Mr. Dalzell's. I may add, that he was a welcome visitor. Mr. Dalzell expressed himself pleased with the handsome young officer, and regretted that he could not accompany us; and poor Zillah—I did not wonder then, I do not wonder now, that the liveliness and intelligence and fascinating manners of this accomplished libertine, who knew so well how to conceal the black and debased nature which lurked beneath so polished an exterior—I say, I do not wonder that Zillah also was betrayed into admiration, when knowing as I did the detestable actions of his earlier life—some of them, at least—I should have been so blinded by his professions of friendship as secretly to intrust my heart's dearest treasure to his watchfulness and fidelity! But why dwell on this? I turn to another subject.

The movements of even simple and unostenta-

tious travellers in India are not conducted with the facility to which we in England are accustomed, Archie. Our train of servants, guards, and attendants was to be completed at Cossimbazar, or rather, at Moorshebad; but, even at the commencement of our journey, it was sufficiently formidable. You will understand this better when I remind you that almost every office required to be performed by the natives, needs a distinct servant, by the separation of the Hindoos into castes. Thus it was necessary to number among our personal followers some dozen or more bronzed-faced, effeminate Bengalese, who, as cooks, waiters, valets, grooms, messengers, clerks, washermen, waterbearers, and so forth, consumed the greater part of their time in idleness, while they would have conceived themselves ineffably polluted by eating with, or by giving mutual assistance to, each other in their separate duties to the *Sahib log*.

But the encumbrances, as well as the tediousness of our river voyage, were more than compensated by its novelty, and the varied scenery through which we passed. I can give you, Archie, by brief description, and after so many years' absence, when memory has lost its freshness, but an indistinct idea of the luxuriousness and beauty of the broad valley through which this western arm of the Ganges rolls. At some places, the banks, gently sloping down to the river, displayed a broad surface of the richest verdure. Then groves of tall acacias, with brilliant golden blossoms and feathery foliage which waved with the gentlest breeze, filled the air with delicious perfume. Then, a sudden turn of the winding river brought us into proximity with precipitous cliffs, which, shutting out on either side the adjacent scenery, were crowned and overhung with forest trees, so as to cast dark sombre shadows on the deep waters below. Passing these, long reaches of the banks were covered with tall bamboos, with thin, long, streaming, slender branches; while, at other spots, a single banian tree had spread its marvellous self-rooting and perpetually multiplying branches in all directions around, so as to embrace within its circumference a grateful shelter, if need were, for hundreds—not to say thousands—of travellers, encamped beneath its broad canopy beside the sacred river.

These, Archie, are some of the more salient features of the scenery which presented themselves as viewed from the awned deck of our budgerow: but there were others. At intervals, as we turned a sharp angle of the river, villages suddenly broke upon our sight, at short distances from the banks, but seated on ground sufficiently elevated to be above the reach of ordinary annual inundations. Near to these were ghauts,* or bathing-places, approachable from the water, or giving access to it from shore, by flights of broad steps: while numerous pagodas or temples erected to Hindoo deities—especially to Ganga, the goddess of the sacred river—raised their white, pointed, and, in many instances, richly ornamented and carefully elaborated roofs, above the groves of palm or mango in which they were embowered.

* These ghauts are, always in the day time, swarming with bathers performing their devotional ablutions.

It was near to these pagodas, Archie, that, as we slowly sailed along, or when we landed to relieve the monotony of the voyage, I witnessed scenes for the first time, which afterwards became painfully familiar to me, and that almost destroyed my mental relish for the natural beauty by which I was surrounded, while forcibly impressing on my mind the truth of the emphatic declaration of Scripture, that "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." I refer to the inhuman and unnatural practice, engendered by superstition and encouraged by selfishness, of exposing and leaving to perish the feebleness of infancy, the helplessness of old age, and the sufferings of disease. I remember, for instance, seeing stretched on the sandy shore, within a few feet of the stream, an aged Hindoo, helpless with manifest infirmities, who had been thus abandoned to certain death; and near to him, an athletic native of middle age, evidently in the last agonies of life, with a countenance fearfully contorted, and his mouth filled with the moist mud of the river.

It was evening, and Mr. Dalzell and myself had landed at a ghaut, to inspect more nearly a handsome temple near at hand. We were first attracted to the spot by the feeble groans of the wretched old man. My companion, to whom such scenes were too painfully familiar, would have drawn me away, but I entreated him to remain.

"It is useless, Hector," he said. "Do not think that I am indifferent to human suffering; but our efforts to relieve such distress as this would only prolong and increase it."

"Pánee, pánee!" ("Water, water!") gasped the poor wretch in his native tongue, in imperfect, feeble, choking accents, for his strength was well-nigh gone, and his mouth was parched with extreme thirst.

Mr. Dalzell was greatly moved, and I ran to the river; but when I returned, and would have placed a drinking vessel to his lips, he turned away with unutterable loathing and hatred in his withered countenance.

My companion shook his head: "I could have told you this," he said. "He will not risk his heaven by taking water from your hands."

At this moment Mr. Dalzell's *syce* made his appearance at a short distance from us; and, in obedience to a call from his master, he drew near.

"He is of the same caste as this poor old man," said my friend; "and if we can prevail upon him to render us assistance——"

I should remind you, Archie, that the Hindoos mark their foreheads with a kind of paint, in lines, to denote their caste.

Haldhar looked with indifference on the scene which excited my feelings so strongly: but he obeyed his master's behests—though unwillingly—and gave the dying man water from his own cup. Thus revived, the poor wretch partly raised himself for a moment, and stared wildly round him. But the effort was too mighty, and he sunk back exhausted. He spoke, however; and in answer to a few questions put to him by Mr. Dalzell, we learned that he had been brought to this spot by his only son, because he was helpless and sick—that he had lain there two days—that his son had departed to his home—and that——

Here his power of utterance failed, and he closed his eyes: feeble respiration only, telling us that he yet lived.

We turned from him to his fellow sufferer: he had already expired.

In the morning I again visited the spot. It was as I had apprehended. The snarlings and yelpings of jackalls had kept me awake through the early hours of night; and only a few mangled human remains were visible, where a few hours before had been two suffering fellow creatures.

This was but one instance, Archie, of many, which practically disabused my mind of any foregone conclusions at which I had arrived respecting the gentleness and benevolence of Hindoo superstitions and manners. But I must refer to this again, for my sheet is now filled.

FALSE PROVERBS.

It is by no means unlikely that some reader of this paper has had palmed upon him a piece of bad money. The shilling, or the crown, or whatever else it might be, looked well enough; but when you came to handle it, there was a soft, slippery smoothness about it, which excited your suspicion. You rung it on your counter or your table; but the result was not one whit more satisfactory. Instead of the clear ringing sound, which would have dispelled all your suspicions, there was a dull leaden sound about it, which left no doubt on your mind that it was false; and there followed the peculiarly vexatious conclusion that somebody or other had cheated you out of just so much as that particular coin represented when genuine.

Perhaps the discovery was made in a way even less satisfactory than if you had made it for yourself. You threw it down on your grocer's counter with a number of others—of course, having no suspicion that all were not equally genuine; but his eye, quicker than yours, detected the impostor; he turned it over, rubbed it between his thumb and his fingers, tossed it up in that peculiar way which practised hands can do so dexterously, and then civilly told you that he very much feared that was not a very good shilling, and hinted that perhaps you would have no objection to exchange it for another. There was nothing in his look to show that he had the least suspicion you had done it knowingly, and your conscience was quite clear on the matter: still you felt it, to say the least, somewhat awkward.

Or, perhaps you handed it in when you were paying your fare at the railway station; and you have not forgotten the prompt, decided way in which the clerk pushed it back to you, and said, with a look as if he were half inclined to call in a policeman, "That's a bad half-crown." It was very annoying; but, pocketing your annoyance and your bad half-crown together, you took your seat, with the not very pleasant feeling which sprung from the thought that you had not only been cheated yourself, but that you had been half-suspected of trying to cheat the railway company. Then came the question, "What is to be done with it?" We have heard of some who have argued, "There's no need for me to be cheated;

"I'll just pass it on." We have heard of such pieces being found in collections; but, of course, those who dropped them into the box must have been ignorant of what they were. One now and then sees a long row of them nailed down on a tradesman's counter. Very likely the man was truly honest; but, at all events, he was determined the public should know that he was so. Saving the ostentation, that was the right thing. A man of correct principle would say, "I'll bear the loss: the counterfeit shall go no further."

Proverbs, circulating as they do from lip to lip, and from age to age, may not inappropriately be compared to money. Those of our readers who read some papers which appeared a short time since in the "Leisure Hour," will doubtless remember that we gave them some proverbs which are real sterling coin—good money, which deserves to pass current everywhere. It unfortunately happens, however, that there are some of these proverbial coins which have had a large circulation, which are wholly bad. We never heard of a coin that was good on one side and bad on the other; and we should think nobody ever found it worth while to make such money. But if there were any money of this sort, it would serve as a representation of some of those saws which are current in society; for if you look at them in one aspect, they are true, whilst if you look at them in another, they are just as false. It is worth while to ascertain what they are really worth, that we may not only be on our guard against being cheated ourselves, but may be induced to do what we can to put them altogether out of circulation.

You sometimes hear it said of a man, "He has a capital eye to the main chance;" or, perhaps you hear the thing put in a somewhat more admonitory or proverbial form, and a young man is exhorted to "mind the main chance." That to which we take exception is comprised in those three words, "the main chance." The idea of them is, that the acquisition of money is the great end of life—that which is to be always kept in view, whatever else is lost sight of, and whatever else is sacrificed to get it. Nobody despises money, or, at all events, money's worth, that which money procures; or, if there be any who do, they are so very seldom to be met with, that they may be fitly described by a line which some of us had drubbed into us when we had to toil at the drudgery of Latin grammar—"Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno," (a rare bird in the earth, and very like a black swan). We have no wish to discourage any young man from doing his best to improve his position in life, and even, to put the thing more strongly, from getting as much money as he can, consistently with the attainment of other and higher objects. For money is a power. The man who has money, if he have the heart to spend it, which is not always, can command many enjoyments, can live in comfort, can avail himself of the means of intellectual improvement, and can expand his knowledge and cultivate his taste by visiting other lands. It is often the best card of admission into circles in which a man would like to move; it gives him a standing and influence in society, and it affords him the means of doing extensive good. But

there are things which money cannot do. It cannot minister true happiness; it can furnish no balm for the broken heart; it cannot purchase God's favour; it cannot dispel the terrors of death; it cannot secure everlasting joy.

"Papa, what's money?" is the question which one of our most popular writers puts into the mouth of a peculiarly thoughtful child, the son of a prosperous banker, who had been recently left a widower.

"What is money," he answered, "money?"

"Yes," said the child, laying his hand upon the elbow of his little chair, and turning up the old face to Mr. D., "what's money?"

"What is money," he answered, "money?" The father was in a difficulty. He would have liked to give him some explanation involving the terms "circulating medium, currency, depreciation of currency, paper, bullion, rates of exchange, etc.;" but looking down at the little chair, and seeing what a long way down it was, he answered, "Gold and silver, and copper—guineas, shillings and half-pence."

"Oh yes, I know what they are," said Paul; "I don't mean that, papa; I mean what's money, after all?"

"What is money, after all!" said Mr. D.

"I mean, papa, what can it do?"

"You'll know better by and by, my man," he said; "money can do anything."

"Anything, papa?"

"Yes, anything—almost," said Mr. D.

"Anything means everything, don't it, papa?"

"It includes it—yes," said Mr. D.

"Why didn't money save me my mamma? It isn't cruel, is it?"

"Cruel," said Mr. D., settling his neckcloth, and seeming to resent the idea; "no; a good thing can't be cruel."

"If it's a good thing, and can do anything," said the little fellow thoughtfully, as he looked back at the fire, "I wonder why it didn't save me my mamma."

Besides, he who sets up money as "the main chance," is apt to sacrifice everything else to get it. "Get money," was the advice given to his son by a not very scrupulous father; "get it honestly, if you can; but get it." It expresses the principle of many who could scarcely venture to put it in so many words. Some of those means which are thus used to "get money," if they do not involve present detection and disgrace, expose the soul to God's displeasure, and that endures for ever. Money is not "the main chance." There is something better and higher. To love and serve God; to have the testimony of an approving conscience; to do good to men; to win everlasting life: these are greater things than all the wealth in the world. Hear what God says about it: "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding: for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her." "Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty"—yet not duty only, but the whole enjoyment, honour, everlasting life and joy—as the text has it literally, "the whole of man."

FOOTPRINTS OF FREDERICK THE GREAT IN BERLIN.

THERE are few persons who have not in private life gained for themselves so much love as to insure, in dying, that some one individual regrets them; some loving kindly hand treasures the relics of the dead; and even for the loneliest and least loved, there are eyes which fill with tears when they pass away. The sorrow may be transient, the remembrance with the relic may fade away; yet if this is true of the comparatively obscure, how much more so of the more widely loved and honoured; how lasting, then, is the remembrance, and how carefully are the relics preserved that may tell of deeds done for their family, for their God, and for their country. Somewhat different, however, is the case of those who, by hereditary right or election, occupy the position of governors and rulers of nations. For them there may be the same loving remembrance in their more immediate family circle, but the character they shall assume in history is not decided by wife or child, but by the nation they have governed. Well, indeed, is it for one occupying such a position if the general voice is raised in lamentation, and each subject treasures reverently all that speaks of the dead father of the people.

This testimony of a nation has fallen to the lot of Frederick II, king of Prussia. Berlin itself is a memorial of the great king, and the public monuments of his generals remind us of him at every turn. We enter Berlin at the Brandenburg gate, and for the present we turn our back to its fine proportions and the celebrated bronze cast which surmounts it. We are hunting up all that concerns Frederick, and our eye glances rapidly across the Pariser Platz, which, by-the-by, was a sandy waste, with here and there a forlorn looking mansion built by royal order, at the time of his accession; and at the end of the long avenue of linden trees you discern the most worthy monument that has been devised to his memory. It is a hot Berlin day, the fine sand is blown into our eyes by a warm west wind, and we leave the gravel walk under the trees for the more shady trottoir.

Busy in the pursuit of the great king, we are attracted, at No. 14, by a small but beautiful cast in bronze of the monument. We enter, and there, in bronze, alabaster, and plaster of Paris, we see on all sides representations of Frederick. It is quite amusing to observe the various uses to which the Berliners put "den alten Fritz" in the exuberance of their affection. Here he surmounts a bell; there, as a letter-weight, he is sitting on a fallen tree after the battle of Kollin; anon he is on the top of a clock, playing on the flute; or he watches over the temperature on the top of a thermometer, besides many another device which has now escaped our memory. The casts of the monument may be had in all sizes, and some of the larger ones are very beautiful. Here we find our purses in considerable danger, but we make our escape with the loss of a few thalers. The print-shops tell the same tale—that though Frederick is dead, he is not forgotten; and on the bookseller's counter many a title reminds us of him and of the scenes in which he was the chief actor; such, for instance, as, "A Hundred Years Ago,"

"The Seven Years' War," "Rossbach and Lützen," together with every variety of "History of Frederick the Great."

The monument, however, is our chief object this morning, and we must not linger too long over books and prints. At last we come near enough to distinguish other figures besides the colossal equestrian statue of the great king. Let us walk round it and read his life. And, first, his taste for literature and the arts strikes us in the persons of his esteemed music director Grann; Lessing, whose works, in the last years of the king's life, gave him more pleasure than his favourite French authors; and Kant, the philosopher, who with two or three statesmen, complete this compartment. War and tumult arise in our minds as we glance at the other figures: princes of the blood, generals and warriors of inferior rank, yet of nearly equal merit, form in themselves the history of the Seven Years' War.

Above are four smaller compartments. On the side opposite the palace of the Prince of Prussia, we observe mythological representations of his youth, where his parents receive the infant Frederick with exceeding joy from angel-hands. Clio instructs the royal youth in history, and tells him of the deeds that have been achieved by great kings and heroes. Then, for the coming struggle of life, Minerva arms him with sword and buckler for the defence of his country and his throne. On the opposite side, we see that many a battle has been fought, that many a youthful dream and aspiration has been realized; and at the same time that the laurel of victory adorns his brow, that brow has been furrowed by many a care and hardship. Yet all these things have not made him forget the welfare of his country or of his subjects. He is sitting in the work-room of a Silesian weaver, examining the work; and all such investigations, when undertaken by Frederick, showed in the result that he was equally great in war as in peace. The next representation, perhaps, makes us feel sad for the great but lonely king. It is the interior of a saloon that we know well at Sans Souci, and his occupation reminds us of his want of all family joys and comforts, and of his determined renunciation of them, occasioned by his forced marriage with a princess whom he highly esteemed, but never loved. She never even saw Sans Souci, but lived in comparative seclusion at her palace at Schönhausen in the summer, and at Berlin during the winter festivities, where she only met the king on state occasions.

But to return once more to the monument. The king, as we have said, is alone, and finding recreation in the sweet tones of his flute, on which he was an excellent performer; the Muses in the back ground are listening in ecstasy, which, for once, is no empty compliment to royalty. But not music alone, of all the arts, had charms for Frederick, as we may see by passing our eye onwards to the hall of the same palace, where his able friend Knöchelndorff shows him his latest achievement in the exquisitely finished figure of the Praying Youth. The king is exhibited leaning against a pedestal, regarding the figure, one hand resting on his stick, while the other is caressing his favourite greyhound Biche.

The next compartment, opposite the castle

bridge, takes us away forcibly from these peaceful scenes, and brings us at once to those amongst which Frederick passed so many years of his life, and where he gained the name that his people pronounce with so much elation and pleasure. It is not, however, for the moment of victory that the sculptor has reserved this last compartment. It is after one of the saddest days that ever dawned for Frederick in his military career, namely, the battle of Kollin, which followed hard upon the glorious victory at Prague. The hero, great even in defeat, is physically exhausted, and his posture shows, as he sits upon a log of wood, that for once his high courage and undaunted energy is well nigh broken. We know from history that one of his grenadiers has told him, while giving him a draught of water, that he must let battles be battles; that it was a blessing he was spared to them, and that the Creator still lived, and could give them victory again. But Frederick was bowed down, and was inclined to answer, as he did at a later period to Ziethen at Buntzelwitz, when the pious old general spoke with confident hope of a turn of affairs, and the king asked if he had found a new ally, "No," said Ziethen, "only the One above, and he will never leave us." "Ah," said Frederick, "he will work no more miracles." "He need not," said the believing, grey-haired general; "yet, notwithstanding, he fights for us, and will not let us sink."

On the opposite side, facing the Brandenburg gate, is an emblematic figure, crowned with laurels, borne upward on eagles' wings. This part of the monument is supported by the four figures of Justice, Moderation, Power and Wisdom, true symbols of the government of the king, who surmounts the whole, mounted on his favourite charger Condé, and wearing the costume of his time, with the famous walking-stick which had accompanied him in all his battles slung on one arm. The four principal equestrian statues of generals that form the corners of the lower part we must just notice, and then hasten onward.

Ziethen, whose military talent and courage had been faithfully devoted to his king, and whose strong religious feeling and living piety was ever respected by his master—himself, alas! a stranger to the hopes and consolations that animated his friend and servant—occupies the corner to the right of the Prince of Prussia's palace. This old general was always treated with the greatest regard and consideration, as many a current anecdote shows. Once, when falling asleep at the royal table, Frederick said to his neighbour, who proposed to wake him, "Let him sleep on; he has watched for us many a time." And on his last appearance in the audience-chamber of the royal palace, the king had a chair brought, and made "good old papa Ziethen" take a seat.

On the same side, at the opposite corner, is Seidlitz, whose high courage and masterly generalship decided the battle of Rossbach, where 21,000 Prussians put 64,000 French to the rout. This was the most brilliant of his achievements; but his whole career would have been glorious even had this been wanting.

Facing the castle bridge, Prince Henry of Prussia and the Duke of Brunswick form the pendants to the above-mentioned; the former was

distinguished as a general, and in military affairs enjoyed the confidence of his brother; the latter more especially distinguished himself at Minden.

After thus glancing at the minutiae of this splendid memorial, let us, by retiring to a little distance, try to get an idea of the whole. The sculptor Rauch (whose life was spared long enough to complete some of the most beautiful monuments that ornament Berlin) has with masterly genius placed before the nation the monument of the great king, in all the grandeur of his simplicity and greatness. We look in vain for the Roman toga that mimics the dignity of the past. Frederick and his generals are there, in the very garb and posture in which they achieved their valiant deeds. Never was subject more worthy of a great artist; and with his usual fidelity he has performed the task allotted to him.

But still unsated with what concerns Frederick, we turn from the monument, and cross the Opera Platz, leaving on one side the handsome palace of the Prince of Prussia and the Opera House, and on the other the University and Arsenal. Crossing the bridge, we find ourselves in the Museum Platz; to the right are the terrace and grand portal of the castle, opposite the cathedral (a very poor building), and to the left, the Old Museum, with a low Grecian façade, perhaps a little failing in depth to give full effect to the mythological frescoes that seem to press too closely upon you as you enter. To the left of the flight of steps which forms the approach, we notice an old acquaintance from the Exhibition of 1851—the Amazon, by Kiss. No worthy companion to it has yet been found, though we have more than once been invited to see models of designs which should eventually take the empty space on the other side.

But it is not our intention to visit the Old Museum to-day. Frederick had nothing to do with it. So, passing on to the right, we enter by a side door, for we are armed with a magic pass from the General Director, and after ascending three flights of stairs, we enter one of the saloons of the New Museum. Five years ago we visited the Kunst Kammer, which was then in the Schloss (the royal castle). It is now removed, and the objects of art are far more advantageously displayed in one of the many beautiful saloons of the New Museum. The Kunst Kammer, we should not fail to mention, is a collection of curious relics, consisting of old carving in wood and ivory, crystals and jewels, resembling in miniature the Hotel de Chigny at Paris, or the Green Vaults at Dresden.

At one end of this saloon is a small cabinet, curtained off, and devoted to relics of Frederick the Great, the Great Elector, and Napoleon. As the curtain is lifted, we see before us an arched recess. In the middle is the standing figure of the Great Elector, which, habited in a complete suit of armour, and with the electoral mantle of purple and armour thrown around him, gives us the idea of a right royal presence. To the left, Frederick I, King of Prussia, is represented as in his last days, seated in a chair, and exhibiting signs of infirmity and weakness. Opposite him, also seated, is Frederick the Great. The expression of the face of the latter is a painful one, being modelled in wax from the cast taken



FREDERICK SEATED AT THE WATCH-FIRE, AFTER THE BATTLE OF KOLLIN

after death. One hand rests on his krückstock,* while the other hangs languidly over the arm of the chair, and the attitude of the entire indicates the last extremity of pain and suffering. But for the uniform, one could almost imagine that it was the moment when, after making the last attempt to give an order to his cabinet councillor Röhdich, he sunk back, and, with a mournful expression, signified his utter inability to speak. It seems to us somewhat strange that this moment should have been chosen; yet every scene in the life of the great monarch is interesting to his people, and this, of all others, may be the most touching and the most dear to their memory.

Just below these figures is the enormous hat of the Great Elector, weighing twenty-nine pounds and a half, which he was in the habit of wearing in the field. The *gardieu* delights to make any

lady who may form part of a party of visitors try to lift it; but many a delicate hand renounces the attempt, while their warmest sympathies are excited for the head that bore it. On either side, under glass cases, are two flutes belonging to Frederick, one of amber, which was used on state occasions, and the other of ebony, on which he has himself engraved his initials. We wonder whether one of these flutes was used by him when the venerable organist Sebastian Bach visited him, and when, on his being requested to play, he asked the king to give him a theme; upon which Frederick, taking the flute, played the four notes B A C H.* Whereupon, though confused with the flattering compliment, Bach seated himself at the instrument and composed one of his most splendid fugues.

The other things most worthy of notice are

* Walking-stick.

* H is the B of the English scale.

arranged in a glass-case to the right of the recess. In the middle hangs one of his uniforms, of dark sage-green velvet, lined with pink and embroidered with silver; on either side his scarf and the krückstock, which he gave to a wounded soldier on the field of battle. Below is the portrait of his youngest sister, the Princess Amelia, painted by himself, and exhibiting considerable talent in this branch of art; also a miniature portrait of himself, but somewhat rudely executed. To the left of a long row of pipes, belonging to his father's Tabaks Collegium (smoking club), hangs his watch—an old-fashioned affair, set with brilliants, together with some orders, and several articles of bijouterie that belonged to him. Below the picture of his sister are various relics, such as snuff-boxes, a powder-horn, and two golden neck ornaments, with the Prussian eagle.

All this time, while tarrying in the room we have described, we have been seated in an ivory chair, in front of an ivory table, which, together with a sofa, two stools, two mirrors, and two candelabra, made from a single tusk, were presented to the Great Elector by Prince Moritz of Nassau, and form the furniture of this cabinet dedicated to the past. We will now cross over to the cabinet of engravings, and see if there be aught there to tell, and then we think we shall pretty well have traced the footprints of Frederick the Great in Berlin.

Leaving the Kunst Kammer, therefore, and crossing the upper part of the grand staircase, we deny ourselves the pleasure of glancing at the cartoons by Knauth, which we know so well and admire so much; and on ringing at the opposite door, we are admitted into the cabinet of engravings, and take our seat at one of the long green tables. We are soon supplied with two huge portfolios, bearing Frederick's name on the back. One of these contains nothing but portraits of the great king, in all sizes, of all ages, and under all circumstances. Some of the mottoes and devices on the medallions are almost exaggerations of admiration; but this is to be forgiven to a people who saw their sovereign labouring for them early and late after he had returned from his victorious campaigns, with health shattered in their service. He had made Prussia great, but he knew that to conquer provinces was not the chief duty of a prince, who was, as he called himself, the first servant of the state. We would fain translate one of the titles given him, but it is untranslatable, and therefore we hope that those to whom German is not a strange tongue will find it as characteristic and appropriate as we do ourselves: *Friedrich der Einzige*.

The next portfolio contains scenes from Frederick's life, especially from his campaigns. It is impossible for us to notice them all. His is a life so full of incident and anecdote, that we are puzzled where to begin, and our readers might be forgiven the natural fear that we should not know where to end. We will therefore restrict ourselves to one that does honour to himself and to our old favourite General Ziethen. The king, after the conclusion of the Seven Years' War, was always pleased to see his old general at table, and when there were no royal guests his place was always at the side of his royal master. He had once invited him for

Good Friday; but Ziethen excused himself, saying that on that day he was in the habit of partaking of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and did not like to have his devotional feelings disturbed by immediately afterwards mixing with the world. The artist has chosen the moment when the old general delivers before the king and his guests his confession of faith. It was the first time after the incident above mentioned had occurred that he appeared at the royal table. The conversation was, as usual, brilliant and amusing, and before long the king turned to his neighbour and said jokingly: "Well, Ziethen, how did the supper suit you on Good Friday?" The loud and mocking laugh of the guests rang through the saloon. Old Ziethen shook his grey head sadly, rose, and after a low reverence to his king, addressed him in the following words:—

"Your Majesty knows that in war I have never been afraid; and at all times, if there was a need, I have fearlessly risked my life for you and for my country. This sentiment pervades me now, and if it is needful and you command it, I will lay my grey head in obedience at your feet. But there is One above us, who is greater than you, than I, than all men, and this great One is the Saviour and Redeemer of the world, who has died for you and has purchased us all at the precious cost of his own blood. I do not allow that this Holy One should be scoffed at, or his name profaned, for upon him rests my hope, my faith, and my consolation in life and in death. In the power of this faith your brave army has battled courageously and has been victorious. Should your Majesty undermine this faith, then, with it you will undermine the welfare of the state. This much is most certainly true."

The king was perceptibly moved by this address. He rose, gave his right hand to and laid his left hand upon the shoulder of the brave Christian general, and said with emotion: "Happy Ziethen, would that I also could believe it. I have the greatest respect for your belief. Hold it fast, and rest assured that this shall not happen again."

We could add many a similarly characteristic anecdote, but we have ourselves imbibed so much Prussian feeling for the great king, that we fear lest in our partiality we should linger too long, and weary others by tracing too accurately the footprints that "*Friedrich der Einzige*" has left on "the sands of time."*

A LUCKLESS HOLIDAY.

On the banks of a well-known river in the north of Britain, there stood some years ago, and yet stands, an establishment consisting of an extensive series of works and mills on a large scale, associated with furnaces and foundries, for the manufacture, among other things, of cannon, mortars,

* Our esteemed contributor seems disposed to place Frederick far too high. His title to the epithet "great" has been disputed by his recent biographer Lord Mahon—and did time permit, it would not be difficult to show that, although possessed of fine talents, his sceptical principles made him a selfish, despotic, and unprincipled man. A masterly and withering exposé of his mean qualities will be found in one of the early volumes of the "*Edinburgh Review*," when the Memoirs of his literary friend Thielack first made their appearance and were noticed in that journal.

and such like big-mouthed weapons of war. The water-power which the river supplied was rendered available through its force and rapidity, by means of proper machinery, for boring the pieces of ordnance after they had been cast in the solid metal. This boring went on, and, for aught we know to the contrary, goes on now, night and day without intermission—it not being usual, or perhaps advisable, to stop the operation of boring a cannon, after it is once set fairly going, until the entire process was completed. It was necessary, however, to oil at stated intervals such parts of the works as were subject to friction, to prevent them from overheating; but, beyond this, the attendant who had them in charge, who was usually a man with some practical knowledge of machinery and the details of engineering, had for the time being but little duty to perform.

It happened on a certain day, which had been set apart for a holiday throughout the works, that Job Piper, an easy-going fellow, who held this trustworthy position, had resolved to take his wife and children for a picnic and a ramble a mile or two down the river's bank, and to enjoy himself, for one day at least, away from the perpetual roar of the grinding machines. He could manage the matter easily enough for once, he imagined, without stopping the mill under his charge, just by bestowing an extra dose of oil before his departure, and by trusting for its repetition within a few hours at the hands of a deputy in whose punctuality he knew he might confide. So, having breakfasted with his little ones at an early hour, and put on his holiday clothes, he sent his wife to dress the children and get them ready for the walk; then, sticking a sprig of sweet-briar from his garden into his button-hole, and his hands into his pockets, he lounged out of his cottage-door into the sunshine.

There was a bout at soap-suds in the small back yard, enlivened by an oration not producible in print, and rather sputtering delivered, from little Bob Piper; there was a polishing of diminutive boots, a tying on of clean pinafores, and the donning of Mrs. Piper's new Paisley shawl and best bonnet; and, finally, there was the apparition of the buxom dame followed by a quaterion of small progeny, all clean as a new pin, and each with smiling morning face, ready to ramble and gambol wherever you chose.

But where was Job? What had become of the man?

"Job! Job Piper!" bawled the wife, "where are you got to? here we are all ready and waiting."

"Daddy, daddy!" bawled little Bob, "dot a clean face—tome and see!"

But no daddy responded, and for sole reply came the pauseless roar of the mill below.

Now Job Piper was not celebrated in the district as a model of patience. His wife Meggy, though she could and did make wifely allowances for his failings, knew that very well, and she concluded at once that Job, in his rather hasty way, had got tired of waiting while she was busy with her preliminary operations, and had sauntered on towards the pleasant valley three miles below, where they had agreed to eat their picnic dinner, leaving her and the children to follow in his wake. Thereupon she re-entered the cottage, gave the biggest girl the basket containing the cold colla-

tion and the table-cloth for the green-sward; herself took charge of another, freighted with two black bottles, and seizing master Bobby by the hand, she walked onwards towards the rendezvous.

As the route wound among trees and thickets, there was not much chance of catching sight of Job, whom fifty yards of distance would carry out of view. There did not seem to be much chance, either, of overtaking him, for the children ran this way and that in chase of butterflies, or leaped down banks after wild flowers; and then master Bobby set up his throat to follow them, the result of all being a progress of a little more than a mile an hour towards the place of their destination.

When about half way there, the party came upon open meadow land, yet still there was no appearance of Job; but Mrs. Piper did not think much of that, seeing that, owing to the waywardness of the children, she had spent so much time on the road. Again they entered the thicket, and now she drove the youngsters before her, and made all haste to the spot where she had no doubt of finding her husband awaiting her, and quietly ruminating, pipe in mouth, under his favourite tree by the river's bank.

But when, at length, they reached the spot, there was no Job Piper to be seen. What was more, there was no trace of a single footstep through the long grass—no sign or vestige of any one having been on the spot for days. Again the dame lifted up her voice and bawled, "Job! Job!" The two syllables came back distinctly from the rocks on the other side of the stream, as she knew they would, for the place was famous for its echo; but that was the sole reply.

Meg Piper began to feel a little out of sorts; not that she felt any alarm—nothing of the kind—but then she feared Job would be so crusty at the blunder she had made in setting off without him, as it now appeared that she had done, and leaving him in ignorance of the fact. The only thing to be done now was to wait for him, and she sat down under the tree and busied herself with laying the cloth on the grass and setting out the cold meats and mustard, and the plump gooseberry pie, and making as inviting a display as possible.

The sight of the eatables set young Bobby's mouth watering and his tongue clamouring for action, and he had to be pacified with a preprandial ration. Then the eldest girl was sent to retrace the track they had come, to meet her father and hasten him forward, while Meg amused the others as well as she could. The girl was gone the best part of an hour, and came back tired and hungry, but with no news of the absent Job.

By this it was dinner-time, and past; and Meg now began to suspect that something unforeseen had happened to prevent her husband's presence. It was no use waiting for him any longer: she gave the children their dinner, and took her own, and then, gathering up the fragments, hastened to return. But Bobby declared against walking any more, and had to be carried; the other children had fatigued themselves with play, and after eating a holiday dinner were in no mood for rapid locomotion. Thus it came to pass that the journey back occupied almost as much time as they had taken in coming, and it was near tea-time when

they again caught the sound of the mill wheels, and later still when their cottage came in view.

Job was not to be seen.

Meg unlocked the door, kindled a fire, and got the kettle boiling with all imaginable speed, thinking that he would be sure to come back to tea. But he did not; and after keeping the tea waiting for hours, pondering gloomily the while on the possible causes of his absence, she put the younger children to bed, and, leaving the eldest girl to keep the house, sallied forth to make inquiries.

Her nearest neighbours were the fellow-workmen of her husband, and to them she told her tale. Some of them thought nothing of it, and laughed at the alarm she expressed; but others, who knew Piper's habits—his sobriety, his fondness for his children, his love of home, and his regular ways—shook their heads. As it began to grow dark, and still Job made no appearance, some of them set off in various directions on the search; these men beat up the neighbourhood, and when night came, were followed by whole companies, who did the same far and near; but it was all to no purpose—no Job Piper was to be found.

"He must have fallen into the river and got drowned, I reckon," said one to another; "we shall have to drag the stream as soon as it is light."

Some such idea had entered the mind of poor Meg, who every moment was growing more bewildered with anxiety.

One party after another came in without any news of the wanderer; and when the hour of midnight was drawing near, they were about giving up the search, when one of them proposed that they should first look in at the mill where Job worked.

"That's no use," said a voice; "I promised him to give a look in there for him, and I've been there twice. He is not there."

"Oh, go! go again," said Meg imploringly.

"Ay, ay, missis, we'll go," said an old hand; "bring the lantern, Dick"—and away they started to the mill, poor Meg following in the rear.

It was all a business of dumb show in the boring mill: if the cannon that was boring had been fired, its voice, perhaps, might have been heard, but not the voices of the men, so fierce was the din and clangour and groaning of the ponderous masses. They looked into every nook and corner with the lantern—nothing was to be seen—all was right and in its place; but no Job Piper. They were coming away disconsolate, Meg, who was the last to enter, being now the last to depart, when suddenly she seized by the arm the man who bore the light, pointed convulsively to the huge over-shot wheel that gives motion to the machinery, and fell senseless to the ground.

It is probable the men began bawling together, but, if so, nothing could be heard intelligibly. They had seen the poor woman's action, however, and understood thereby that something was wrong. The old man ran out and stopped the mill; and then, as all held their breath to catch any directing sound, a faint moaning was heard to proceed from the hollow drum of the huge wheel, whose revolution was now stopped. In an instant the lantern was thrust between the cross-beams which formed its spokes, a head followed, and was in-

stantly withdrawn with an expression of amazement in every feature.

"Here's Piper down in the wheel, sure enough," said the man, "and he is alive, happily; bear a hand here, lads, and we'll soon have him out."

Meg recovered from her swoon just as Job, considerably more dead than alive, was hauled out in an indescribably slushy state, and laid on the floor. They lifted him tenderly and carried him to his cottage, where they stripped and laid him in bed, while one of the party set off to fetch the doctor. There were well-founded doubts as to Job's recovery, and it seemed an open question whether he would ever have his wits, even if he recovered his health. But, under the kind care of Meg, and the skill of the doctor, Job disappointed the prophets of evil, and regained eventually both his health and his senses, though both seemed to have flown for a long time.

The circumstances of the misfortune which had befallen him, though they were easily guessed at, were not authenticated by himself until a considerable period had elapsed. When his fragmentary and disjointed narrative came to be pieced together, the upshot appeared to be pretty much as follows:—While his wife was getting the children ready for their holiday, Job thought he might as well give his machinery a few more drops of oil before he set forth on his trip. With this view he had gone into the mill, seized the oil can, and, setting to work with more hurry than circumspection, had forgotten to take heed to his footing; consequently he had stumbled and slipped into that great revolving trap before he knew what he was about. He had managed to regain his feet, but, as the wheel revolved with him, he found escape impossible; for if he had attempted to get out by the way he had entered, he would infallibly have been cut in two: still he could maintain an upright position, by simply performing the penance of the treadmill. This he had done with his best courage for the first few hours. It was about nine o'clock when he tumbled in; he knew that there would be no release till the afternoon, but he climbed on, in the hope that when his friend came, whom he had engaged as deputy, he would be freed from his cage. To his horror, however, he discovered, when the man made his appearance, that it was out of his own power to attract his attention. The grinding metal, the dashing, splashing water, and the lumbering of cranks and cogs, neutralized all the noises he could make, and he had the misery of seeing his comrade, after summarily performing his function, depart from the mill, and lock him in once more with his wretched fate. Still he climbed and hoped on. He could see through the vanes of the mill wheel far down the river's bank. In the morning he saw his wife and little ones set forth on their holiday jaunt, and in the evening he saw them return: the sight of them, he said, gave him heart, and he took fresh courage as he waited the return of his comrade, who would be sure to come before night. The man came; again he shouted, yelled, shrieked for recognition, but all in vain; the noises were not heard, or, being heard, were attributed to the action of the boring tool in the machinery; and again poor Job was left unnoticed to his solitary doom. Not till this moment had his heart failed

him; but now, shut in for the night in that remorseless cage ever rolling on, weary, faint, and exhausted with the prolonged and terrible efforts he had made, he gave up all hopes of release, and resigned himself to the horrible death that awaited him. No longer able to climb, owing to his failing strength, the utmost he could do was to clasp one of the cross-beams in his arms, and thus, hugging the instrument of his woe, suffer himself to be carried round and round and round, until his dizzy brain succumbed beneath the trial and all should be over. Already his senses wandered, his brain swam, and terrible visions took possession of his imagination. He had not been aware of the entry of the party who made the final search, which, but for the providential presence of his wife among them, would have proved fruitless; and he had, upon his recovery, to be himself informed of the last act of the fearful drama in which he had been so unlucky a performer.

But, as we have said, Job Piper recovered in spite of the ordeal he had gone through; and it is with pleasure we record that the lesson he thus received had its effect in tempering his constitutional impatience, and rendering him, so far as that goes, both a wiser and a better man. The incident, we may remark in conclusion, is not a fictitious one.

THE ANNULAR ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, MARCH 15, 1858.

BY A FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

WHEN the sun, moon, and the earth are in the same straight line at the time of new moon, the body of the moon will interpose between the earth and the sun, and cause a total or partial obscuration of the latter as viewed from the earth, or, in other words, will cause an eclipse of the sun.

If the moon, sun, and earth be exactly in the same straight line, then either a total or an annular eclipse will take place: the former when the moon passes so near the earth as to have an apparent greater diameter than the sun, and the latter when she is at such a distance as to have a less apparent diameter than the sun, when a small portion of the bright surface of the sun will appear as a ring, or annulus, round the dark body of the moon.

The eclipse of the sun, which will take place on March 15, 1858, will be annular over a narrow band of England, the central part of the moon's shadow extending nearly in a straight line from Somersetshire to the Wash at Norfolk. This line may be traced on a map as follows: starting from the English Channel, at a place about six miles south of the start-point in Cornwall; from thence to a little north of Bridport, and a very little south of Yeovil, in Somersetshire; continued onwards, and passing just south of Trowbridge, Devizes, Swindon, and Farringdon, north of Oxford, south of Chipping Norton—but somewhat nearer Oxford than Chipping Norton—and so on, passing a little north of Buckingham, a little south of Oundle, through Peterborough, and finally to the Wash at Norfolk.

At all places on the line where the eclipse proves to be central, it will be annular, a narrow ring appearing round the sun, the duration of which will

be from eight to thirteen seconds. The time of duration of the ring in this eclipse being so short, arises from the fact of the apparent diameters of the sun and moon being nearly alike. Under the most favourable circumstances, in an annular eclipse the moon may appear on the sun several minutes. If we draw a line a very little north of Oxford, parallel to the central line, and another line, at the same distance from and on the other side of the central line, also parallel, then, at all places situated within the space included between these parallel lines, the eclipse will be annular, but momentarily only at those places situated near the lines themselves, increasing in duration to the central line. By drawing a line through Ely and Cambridge nearly, and another through Exeter and Bristol nearly, and both parallel to the central line, and considering that the diameter of the sun be represented by 100, then at all places on or near these lines 99 parts of his diameter will be obscured, and at the time of greatest obscuration a very narrow crescent, in the south-eastern part of his disc, will alone be visible. At all places between the two parallel lines, both south and north of the central line, a larger portion of the sun's disc will be obscured, and the narrow crescent will become less; but on approaching the parallel lines, situated near the central lines, the moon will appear wholly on the disc of the sun.

We will now consider the times at which the three most important phases of the eclipse will happen at the larger towns within the above parallels, starting from the western extremity, and proceeding successively across the country. The first place we meet with in this direction is Exeter, where the eclipse

| | LOCAL TIME. |
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| Will begin at | 29 minutes after 11 A.M. |
| The Middle of the Eclipse at | 41 minutes after noon. |
| And end at | 2 P.M. |
| At Sherborne it will begin at | 28 minutes after 11 A.M. |
| The Middle will take place at | 47 minutes after noon. |
| And will end at | 5 minutes after 2 P.M. |
| At Bristol it will begin at | 29 minutes after 11 A.M. |
| The Middle at | 46 minutes after noon. |
| And end at | 4 minutes after 2 P.M. |
| At Devizes it will begin at | 31 minutes after 11 A.M. |
| The Middle at | 49 minutes after noon. |
| And it will end at | 7 minutes after 2 P.M. |
| At Oxford it will begin at | 35 minutes after 11 A.M. |
| The Middle at | 54 minutes after noon. |
| And it will end at | 11 minutes after 2 P.M. |
| At Buckingham it will begin at | 37 minutes after 11 A.M. |
| The Middle at | 55 minutes after noon. |
| And it will end at | 13 minutes after 2 P.M. |
| At Peterborough it will begin at | 41 minutes after 11 A.M. |
| The Middle at | 1 minute before 1 P.M. |
| And it will end at | 17 minutes after 2 P.M. |
| At Cambridge it will begin at | 43 minutes after 11 A.M. |
| The Middle at | 1 P.M. |
| And it will end at | 18 minutes after 2 P.M. |

This is the last place near the central line at which we need give the times of the several phases. At intermediate and adjacent places, the times will be intermediate, and can be readily inferred.

Annular eclipses may class among the most beautiful of celestial phenomena, and are of very rare occurrence in any particular locality.

The phenomena attending large solar eclipses are very numerous and remarkable. To give the reader some idea of the appearances he may ex-

pect to witness in very large eclipses, it may be interesting to extract from previous descriptions some of the appearances which have been seen.

In Mr. Baily's account of the annular eclipse of the sun which occurred on May 15, 1836, he says:—"When the last portion of the moon's disc was about to enter on the face of the sun, I prepared myself to observe the formation of the annulus. I was in expectation of meeting with something extraordinary, but imagined it would be momentary only, and consequently that it would not interrupt the noting of the time of its occurrence. In this, however, I was deceived, as the following facts will show. For when the cusps of the sun were about 40° asunder, a row of lucid points like a string of bright beads, irregular in size and distance from each other, suddenly formed round that part of the circumference of the moon that was about to enter, or which might be considered as having just entered, on the sun's disc. Its formation, indeed, was so rapid that it presented the appearance of having been caused by the ignition of a fine train of gunpowder. This I intended to note as the correct time of the formation of the annulus, expecting every moment to see the thread of light completed round the moon, and attributing this serrated appearance of the moon's limb (as others had done before me) to the lunar mountains, although the remaining portion of the moon's circumference was comparatively smooth and circular as seen through the telescope. My surprise, however, was great on finding that these luminous points, as well as the dark intervening spaces, increased in magnitude, some of the contiguous ones appearing to run into each other like drops of water; for the rapidity of the change was so great, and the singularity of the appearance so fascinating and attractive, that the mind was for the moment distracted, and lost in the contemplation of the scene, so as to be unable to attend to every minute occurrence. Finally, as the moon pursued her course, these dark intervening spaces (which, at their origin, had the appearance of lunar mountains in high relief, and which still continued attached to the sun's border) were stretched out into long, black, thick, parallel lines, joining the limbs of the sun and moon; when, all at once, they suddenly gave way, and left the circumferences of the sun and moon in those points, as in the rest, comparatively smooth and circular, and the moon perceptibly advanced on the face of the sun. This moment, therefore, may by some persons be considered as the complete formation of the annulus, and has, I believe, in most cases, been recorded as such; but I shall state my reasons presently why I think this should not be assumed as the true moment of the astronomical phenomenon. The appearances here recorded passed off in less time than it has taken me now to describe them; but they were so extraordinary and so rapid, that all idea of time was lost, except by the recollection afterwards of what had passed: for I was so riveted to the scene, that I could not take my eye away from the telescope to note down anything during the progress of this phenomenon. I estimate, however, that the whole took up about six or eight seconds, or perhaps ten at the utmost. I cannot describe these phenomena (or rather this phenomenon, for it was one continuous appear-

ance) more correctly than by supposing, for the moment, that the edge of the moon was formed of some dark glutinous substance, which by its tenacity adhered to certain points of the sun's limb, and by the motion of the moon was thus drawn out into long threads, which suddenly broke and wholly disappeared. After the formation of the annulus thus described, the moon preserved its usual circular outline during its progress across the sun's disc, till its opposite limb again approached the border of the sun, and the annulus was about to be dissolved; when, all at once, (the limb of the moon being at some distance from the edge of the sun) a number of long, black, thick parallel lines, exactly similar in appearance to the former ones above mentioned, suddenly darted forward from the moon and joined the two limbs as before, and the same phenomena were thus repeated, but in an inverse order. For, as these dark lines got shorter, the intervening bright parts assumed a more circular and irregular shape, and at length terminated in a fine curved line of bright beads (as at the commencement), till they ultimately vanished, and the annulus consequently became wholly dissolved. The time employed in this act of dissolution (if I may so express myself) was about the same as that at its formation; but the rapid and progressive change in the appearances, and their striking character, so riveted my attention again, that I am unable to speak more decidedly on the time occupied than on the first occasion. The same reason also prevents me from stating the precise number of the dark lines; I should think, however, that they were not fewer than six, nor more than ten. The impression on my mind, from recalling all the circumstances to my recollection is, that there were about eight. They were as plain, as distinct, and as well defined, as the open fingers of the human hand held up to the light."

These very remarkable appearances, described by Mr. Baily, had been indicated by different observers before him; but our limits will only allow us to refer to where some of these may be found. In the "Philosophical Transactions," vol. xxix, is Dr. Halley's account of the eclipse of April 22, 1715; in vol. xl of the "Philosophical Transactions," page 177, is Mr. Maclaurin's account of the annular eclipse of February 18, 1836, and in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1748, page 582, is Mr. Short's account of the eclipse of July 16, of that year.

We will now proceed to the detail of some of the phenomena seen in the eclipse of July 8, 1842. Mr. Baily went to Pavia for the purpose of observing the phenomena which might be seen, during the total eclipse of that day, and the following is extracted from his account of some of the appearances he saw.

"As the moon advanced towards her central conjunction with the sun, I watched very carefully and with much anxiety the approach of the border of the moon towards the still illuminated portion of the sun, which was now rapidly assuming a fine crescent shape, the precursor of total obscuration. I used a red-coloured glass, in order to observe the phenomenon, notwithstanding the remarks and advice to the contrary by an American observer; and the power of the eye-glass was about 40.

When the total obscuration took place, the coloured glass was removed.

"I at first looked out very narrowly for the *black lines* which were seen in the annular eclipse of 1836, as they would probably precede the *string of beads*. These lines, however, did not make their appearance, or, at least, they were not seen by me. But the *beads* were distinctly visible; and on their first appearance I had noted down on paper the time of my chronometer, and was in the act of counting the seconds in order to ascertain the time of their duration, when I was astounded by a tremendous burst of applause from the streets below, and at the same moment was electrified at the sight of one of the most brilliant and splendid phenomena that can well be imagined. For at that instant the dark body of the moon was suddenly surrounded with a corona, or kind of bright glory, similar in shape and relative magnitude to that which painters draw round the heads of saints, and which, by the French, is designated an *auréole*.

"Pavia contains many thousand inhabitants, the major part of whom were, at this early hour, walking about the streets and squares, or looking out of windows, in order to witness this long talked of phenomenon; and when the total obscuration took place, which was *instantaneous*, there was an universal shout from every observer, which 'made the welkin ring,' and, for the moment, withdrew my attention from the object with which I was immediately occupied. I had, indeed, anticipated the appearance of a luminous circle round the moon during the time of total obscurity; but I did not expect, from any of the accounts of preceding eclipses that I had read, to witness so magnificent an exhibition as that which took place. I had imagined (erroneously, as it seems) that the corona, as to its brilliant or luminous appearance, would not be greater than that faint crepuscular light which sometimes takes place on a summer's evening, and that it would encircle the moon like a ring. I was therefore somewhat surprised and astonished at the splendid scene which now so suddenly burst upon my view. It riveted my attention so effectually that I quite lost sight of the string of beads, which, however, were not completely closed when this phenomenon first appeared. I apprehend that only a few seconds of time (perhaps three or four) were wanting to complete the perfect obscuration of the sun; but I cannot speak on this point with much certainty.

"I had previously noted down some of the principal objects to which I was desirous of directing my attention during the time of total obscuration, and which seem to have given rise to much discussion on former occasions. These, as far as the corona is concerned, had reference principally to its colour, its lustre or paleness, its magnitude and extent, its state of motion or repose, and its encircling the sun or the moon as its centre; then, as to the moon, whether any conceptions of light on the dark side; next, as to the amount of darkness in the atmosphere, the change of colour in surrounding objects, and some other points not requisite here to enumerate further. The time, however, for making accurate observations of this kind is always so short in total eclipses (in the present case being less than two and a quarter minutes), that one

individual can scarcely attend to all the objects that are requisite to be noticed; more especially if his attention is called away (as in this instance) by any new phenomenon which had not been previously observed, not even anticipated. It is therefore desirable, in any future occurrences of this nature, that a division of labour should be made between two or three observers at the same place, each attending solely to the part which he has selected for his particular object.

"The breadth of the corona, measured from the circumference of the moon, appeared to me to be nearly equal to half the moon's diameter. It had the appearance of brilliant rays. The light was most dense (indeed, I may say quite dense) close to the borders of the moon, and became gradually and uniformly more attenuated as its distance therefrom increased, assuming the form of diverging rays in a rectilinear line, and at the extremity were more divided and of unequal length; so that in no part of the corona could I discover the regular and well-defined shape of a ring in its outer margin. It appeared to me to have the sun for its centre, but I had no means of taking any accurate measures for determining this point."

The next large eclipse, of which we have detailed accounts, took place on July 28, 1851, and the following is extracted from the account furnished by the Astronomer Royal, from observations taken by him at Gottenburg.

"About a quarter of an hour before the totality, Venus shone out with much brilliancy. No other planet or star was seen during the eclipse. At 2h. 52m. by chronometer, the flame of a candle was visible at 2° angular distance from the sun.

"The approach of the totality was accompanied with that indescribably mysterious and gloomy appearance of the whole surrounding prospect, which I have seen on a former occasion. A patch of clear blue sky in the zenith became purple black while I was gazing at it. I took off the higher power, with which I had scrutinized the sun, and put on the lowest power (magnifying about thirty-four times, as I have since found by comparing the image of a distant scale in the telescope with that of a near scale, seen with the naked eye). With this I saw the mountains of the moon perfectly well. I watched carefully the approach of the moon's limb to the sun's limb (a phenomenon which my graduated dark glass enabled me to see in great perfection). I saw both limbs perfectly well defined to the last, and saw the line becoming narrower, and the cusps becoming sharper, without any distortion or prolongation of the limbs. I saw the moon's serrated limb advance up to the sun's, and saw the light of the sun glimmering through the hollows between the mountain peaks, and saw these glimmering spots extinguished one after another in extremely rapid succession, but without any of the appearances which Mr. Baily has described. I saw the sun covered, and gave the signal for time, which was taken from the chronometer at 3h. 7m. 50s.; and, in spite of the difficulty of reading, to which I shall allude, I have no doubt that this register is correct, as my excellent assistant, Mr. Hasselgren, had kept his eye carefully fixed on the chronometer, and was listening to its beats. I immediately slipped off the dark glass, and instantly saw the appearances

which I have represented in figures 2 and 3. The former of these, on a small scale, represents roughly the general appearance of the moon and the broad corona. The latter represents, on a larger scale, the moon with the prominences.

"Before alluding more minutely to these, I must advert to the darkness. I have no means of ascertaining whether the darkness was really greater than in the eclipse of 1842. I am inclined to think that in the wonderful, and I may say appalling obscurity, I saw the grey granite hills, within sight of Hoaläs, more distinctly than the darker country surrounding the Luperga; but whether because in 1851 the sky was much less clouded than in 1842 (so that the transition was from a more luminous state of sky to a darkness nearly equal in both cases), or from whatever cause, the suddenness of the darkness in 1851 appeared to me much more striking than that in 1842. My friends, who were upon the upper rock, to which the path was very good, had great difficulty in descending. A candle had been lighted in a lantern, about a quarter of an hour before the totality; Mr. Hasselgren was unable to read the minutes of the chronometer-face without having the lantern held close to the chronometer. I had prepared for the occasion a circle, described upon a card. I desired much to make a drawing of the prominences, at least of their positions on the limb of the moon, by marking them on this circle; but it was impossible for me to see it, and I was obliged to approach very closely to the lantern, in order to make the smallest memorandum on the card. In this confusion, valuable time was lost, which I could have employed to advantage in experiments of polarization or photometry. I would recommend any person who may in future observe a total eclipse, to be furnished with at least three lights: one to illumine a chronometer; one to give light for drawing or writing memoranda; and one for photometric or other purposes.

"The corona was far broader than that which I saw in 1842; roughly speaking, its breadth was little less than the moon's diameter; but its outline was very irregular. I did not remark any beams projecting from it, which deserved notice as much more conspicuous than the others; but the whole was beamy, radiated in structure, and terminated (though very indefinitely) in a way which reminded me of the ornament frequently placed round a mariner's compass. Its colour was white, or resembling that of Venus. I saw no flickering or unsteadiness of light. It was not separated from the moon by any dark ring, nor had it any annular structure; it looked like a radiating luminous cloud behind the moon."

Thus it will be seen that some very remarkable and beautiful phenomena have been witnessed during recent eclipses. And although the eclipse of March 15, 1858, will, in some particulars, fall short of those of which we have spoken, yet, as it is the largest of any which has happened for many years, and larger than any which will happen in England till the 19th of August, 1887, it will excite a great deal of public interest and be very generally observed.

We can now consider the different phases of the eclipse at other parts of the country beyond the limiting parallels of totality.

| | LOCAL TIME. |
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| At London the Eclipse will commence at | 41 minutes after 11 A.M. |
| The Middle will be at | 1 P.M. |
| The Eclipse will end at | 17 minutes after 2 P.M. |
| At Liverpool the Eclipse will begin at | 29 minutes after 11 A.M. |
| The Middle of the Eclipse at | 47 minutes after noon. |
| The end of the Eclipse at | 3 minutes after 2 P.M. |
| At Durham the Eclipse begins at | 38 minutes after 11 A.M. |
| The Middle takes place at | 55 minutes after noon. |
| The Eclipse ends at | 10 minutes after 2 P.M. |
| At Edinburgh the Eclipse begins at | 30 minutes after 11 A.M. |
| The Middle takes place at | 47 minutes after noon. |
| The Eclipse ends at | 2 minutes after 2 P.M. |
| At Dublin the Eclipse begins at | 11 minutes after 11 A.M. |
| The Middle takes place at | 29 minutes after noon. |
| The Eclipse ends at | 46 minutes after 1 P.M. |

If we consider the diameter of the sun to be represented by 100, then at the Isle of Wight and at London 98 parts of the diameter of the sun will be obscured; at Liverpool, 93; at York, 95; at Durham, 93; at Edinburgh, 91; and at Dublin, 91; and at all these spots and at places adjacent, at the time of the sun's greatest obscuration, a narrow crescent will be seen only on the south-eastern, or lower left-hand quarter of the sun, looking at him with direct vision.

The point of the sun's border on which the moon will first impinge is situated in the south-western or lower right-hand quarter, and the place may be determined by supposing a vertical line passing through the centre of the sun and a horizontal line also drawn through his centre; then the first contact will take place almost midway between the lower extremity of the vertical line, and the western or right-hand extremity of the horizontal line. During the progress of the eclipse, the diameter of the light will be gradual; it is probable that, even at the time of greatest obscuration, the light will be equal to that of the full moon, as was observed by Mr. Baily in the eclipse of 1836. The light may be of a peculiar colour, and the effects on animals have frequently been similar to those on the approach of night. The last contact of the moon with the sun will be at a point situated in the upper left hand, or north-eastern quarter of the sun.

ENCOURAGEMENTS.

LISTEN, ye timid souls, who fear lest ye should never reach the kingdom, and receive the crown of life from your Redeemer's hands. "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Is not that exceeding great and precious, for shall not *his good pleasure* be done? Who shall hinder what he wills? "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne." What! shall we sit by *thy* side, O King of Glory? From a dung-hill wilt thou raise us to a throne, *thy* throne, when to thee every knee shall bow? "I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am ye may be also." Ye sons and daughters of poverty and toil, ye poor in pocket, as well as spirit, humble in station as well as heart! listen to these precious promises, take heart, look up, hope on, for "if we suffer, we shall also reign with him."

What is there on earth, in all the range of worldly possessions, equal to these "exceeding great and precious promises," given unto us who believe? All the pomp and splendour of this world—all possessions, however princely or royal—issue in the narrow grave, the house appointed for all living—end in the ignominy and corruption of the tomb. These pass the limits of time, spoil the grave of its victims, embrace eternity in its endless ages, and fill it with all that can ennoble, enrich, and felicitate an immortal existence. Surely they are "*exceeding great and precious promises!*" My soul, are they thine?—*The Rev. H. Quick.*